

To the Most Excellent Prince

CHRISTOPHER

DUKE OF

ALBEMARLE,

ON HIS

VOYAGE

TO HIS

GOVERNMENT

OF

JAMAICA.

A PINDARICK.

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By Mrs. A. BEHN.

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(1)

TO THE  
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE  
CHRISTOPHER  
DUKE OF  
ALBEMARLE,  
ON HIS  
VOYAGE  
TO HIS  
GOVERNMENT of JAMAICA.

IT is resolv'd! His Word and Honour's past!  
We must submit, and let the *Heroe* go:  
This Scanty Isle He long has Serv'd and Grac'd,  
And distant Worlds expect Him now.

(7)

No Grateful Laurels this allows,

To Crown the Noble Victor's Brows:

Supinely here His Generous Youth was lost,  
Which shou'd more memorable Glories boast;  
Such as shou'd more Renown His Name,

And still maintain aloft His spreading Fame.

His Soul by Nature Bravely Rough and Great,  
Scorns the Confinement of a Home Retreat;

But soft Repose, that Court-Disease,

Infectious to the Great and Young,

Subdu'd His Martial Mind to Ease,

And Charm'd Him with her Pleasures long.

Born for Great Action, but compell'd to Sloth,

He yields to all the Splendid Baits for Youth.

II

So the Young Victor did at Capua lie,

Tamely unnerv'd in Luxury;

While

While all his gilded Arms hung Useless by :  
 In daz'ling Riots wanton'd with his Fair,  
 Despising Conquests, and renouncing War,  
 Till Glory wak'd him from th' Enchanting Dream,  
 And pointing out his Youth a Nobler Theme.  
 He rowles now, and puts his Armour on,  
 Gives Order for his Warlike Steeds ;  
 In vain the Lovely Chamber Weeps and Pleads,  
 He'll be no more by Idle Love undone ;  
 In vain the shining Goblets take their Round,  
 And with Obliging Healths are Crown'd,  
 The Ivory Tables bending with the Weight  
 Of Costly Fare, in O'recharg'd Plate :  
 He now for Fame ignoble Ease disdains ;  
 Bravely Resolv'd, he breaks the Lazy Chains.

Ill. Well



(4)

III.

Well did Great *Cesar* know,  
His Grandeur and Magnificence  
To New-found Worlds He cou'd not shew  
So greatly to His Fame; as now,  
In so Renown'd a Prince:  
Already to the utmost Bounds of Shore  
His Mighty Name is gone before.  
Great *ALBEMARLE* the Sea-born *Nerids* sung,  
Upon that Memorable Day,  
When all the Floods let loose their joyful Throng,  
And bore the *MARTYR'S* Sons in Triumph o'er the Sea:  
And still between the Monarchs Praise  
The Fame of *ALBEMARLE* they raise;  
Crowns to the Royal Youths they brought, and to the  
Victor Bays.

IV. How

(5)

IV.

How must that Wondring World rejoyce to see  
Their Land so Honour'd, and themselves so Blest,  
When on their Shores (*Great Prince*) they Welcom  
Thee,  
Whose Brave Hereditary Loyalty  
Has been so many generous ways exprest ?  
What Homage must Your Ravisht Subjects pay  
For the vast Condescension You have shewn ?  
What Treasures offer, how enough Obey,  
Their Humble Gratitude to own,  
When they behold a Prince so Great  
From an Illustrious Court retreat,  
To render all their Happiness compleat ?  
A Prince whom no Ignoble Interest sways  
To trust his Fortune with the Fickle Seas,  
Altho' its Tributary Waves before

Allow'd

(6)

Allow'd Him so immense a Store,  
As if the Wonders of the Deep till now,  
Of which we have so oft been told,  
Did never yet its meaning shew,  
Till yielding up the Miracle in Gold :  
And 'tis Great ALBEMARLE alone  
Has found the Secret of the Philosophic Stone.

V.

With Him, His Princess, whose High Birth  
Must Adoration claim  
O're all the Habitable Earth  
That ever heard the Great Newcastle's Name.  
How justly is our Verse a Tribute due,  
Illustrious Patroness, to You!  
Descended from a Prince and Poet too!  
That Honour which no Mortal Pow'r can give,  
And is alone the Gods Prerogative ;

Like

(7)

Like that bright Vertue which do's in You shine,  
 And, more than Mortal, renders You Divine.

Prepare, ye Sun-scorch'd Natives of the Shore,  
 Prepare another Rising Sun t'adore,  
 Such as has never blest your Horizon before.

And you the Brave Inhabitants of the Place,  
 Who have by Conquest made it all your own,  
 Whose Generous and Industrious Race

Has paid such Useful Tribute to the Crown;  
 See what your Grateful King for you has done!  
 Behold a Prince high in His Favor plac'd,  
 By Fortune Blest, and lavish Honour Grac'd,  
 Lov'd by the Great, and Worshipp'd by the Crowd,  
 Of whom the Nation has so long been proud,  
 The Souldiers Honour, and the Brave Mans Friend,

The Muses best-lov'd Theme,  
 To whom their Noblest Verse they Recommend,  
 And to whose Vertues pay their Noblest Flame.



(8)

## VI.

This Prince, thus Lov'd, we do resign to you,  
 Yet must but lend Him for a space:  
 Fond Parents lose their Darling so,  
 To Dangers thus they let him go,  
 With tender Tears, and many a soft Embrace;  
 Loth to forego the Treasure of their Heart,  
 And yet wou'd have him Honour share,  
 With trembling Doubts and Fears at last they part,  
 With Vows and Pray'rs commit Him to Heav'n's  
 Care.  
 We lend Him to eternize you a Fame,  
 That to the Coming Age your Land may boast,  
 Of all that e're Obey'd Great CESAR's Name,  
 He Honour'd yours the Most.  
 Prepare your Triumphs, and your Songs of Joy,  
 Let ALBEMARLE'S Great Name resound

To

(9)

To all your Happy Shores, and let the Sea  
To the glad Echo's and the Nymphs convey  
The grateful Tidings all around,  
While the soft Breezes prune their Wings,  
And gather all their Gentlest Air,  
(In the Rich Groves, drest with Perpetual Springs)  
To Fan and Entertain the *Hero* there.

Let all your World be Glad and Gay,  
To make His Joys Compleat,  
Eternal *Zephires* round Him play,  
And Flowers beneath His Feet.  
Thus for Our Honour, and for your Repose,  
We are content Our Happiness to lose :  
But, like the Souls to Bodies newly Born,  
He is but Lent, more Glorious to Return.

F I N I S